

We Can Have Nice Things by Chosenfire

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Summary:

The Byers deserve nice things.

We Can Have Nice Things

Author's Note:

- For [lorax](#).

Thank you for being a pinch hitter, I saw your requests and wanted to try to give you something about Will having a nice day (ended up being more Joyce lead then Will). I hope you enjoy this!

“What’s this?” Joyce opened the envelope that Hooper handed her, her eyes going wide as she saw the contents. Her hand went to her throat as she looked at him in disbelief.

“A settlement.” Jim waved his own envelope around, a grimace on his face.

Joyce’s eyes scanned over the letter that was attached to a check with too many zeroes from the Hawkins National Laboratory, catching on words like *misconduct* and *indirect harm*. She saw Will in that bed, strapped down and fading, the way the lights flickered, the bodies on the ground, Bob.

Mostly she saw Bob.

Jim looked sympathetic as he shoved his own into his pocket. “My guess is the guys that really know what went on down there want us to keep our mouths shut. Or maybe it’s their way of saying sorry. It’s not like anyone would believe us and they can shove their apologies, but hey, free money. I figure I can use a chunk of it to fix up the cabin and the house, get El some new clothes since she’s developed a *style*, get her ready for the new school year.”

Joyce looked down at the check again, her grip tight as she thought about it. It didn’t make up for Bob; nothing they could do ever would. Some nights she still woke up with a scream in her throat as she reached for him. Still, she needed this, her boys needed this.

There were holes in her house, and her door was hanging by her

hinges no matter how many nails and how much tape her and Jonathan had applied to it. There were bullet holes in her walls and blood stains in their clothes.

She nodded her thanks to Hopper, calling out "Jonathan!"

Her older son's head popped up from where he'd been under the hood of the car, working on the latest break down. "Mom?" He looked curious, Will crowded up next to him with grease smeared on his cheek.

"You guys get cleaned up, we're going out to dinner." She slid the check back into its envelope and her two boys shared a confused look before wiping their hands on their pants and following her instructions.

After dinner she was going to start with clothes.

Will's smile was bright as he threw a jacket to Mike. It matched the one he was wearing, and Mike's grin echoed his own as he shrugged it on. Joyce didn't have the heart to reprimand them for roughhousing; she had a pile of clothes already in one basket and was trying to get Jonathan to fill up another. Nancy was helping with that, softly encouraging him away from the clearance racks. She'd caught onto what Joyce was trying to do and Joyce had rewarded her with a bottle of perfume that she hadn't let the girl refuse.

She'd told the boys to both invite someone to dinner and hadn't been the least surprised when she'd been asked to pick up the Wheeler kids. They all needed some spoiling and she was determined to do it. Dinner had been a relaxed affair. Both boys had seemed floored at the announcement of the check but had thrown out some suggestions of their own about what they could do with it.

Still, her sons were too much like her and hadn't asked for much for themselves. She was already planning on their birthdays and Christmas. What good would the money be if she couldn't use it to make her sons happy?

“Mom.” Will was folding up the jacket and handing it to her. “Can we go to the arcade after this!” She saw the way Mike perked up and turned to her.

She held out her hand and accepted the matching jacket from the boy, putting both in her basket with the rest of her planned purchases. She’d make them wear them after once she had paid. It was a little chilly out. “I was thinking we could go for ice cream first. After that, absolutely!”

The boys shared a delighted grin, and Will hugged her tightly, real quick “Do you think we could go pick up Dustin and Lucas?”

“And Max?” added Mike looking surprised at himself. It’d taken her awhile to get both Wheeler kids warmed up to asking anything of her. Still, Mike was only being goaded on by Will’s happiness and Nancy was only accepting things because it got Jonathan to stop refusing them.

Indecision warred within Joyce, she wanted to say yes but didn’t have room in the car for the whole gang.

Joyce watched as Nancy whispered something in Jonathan’s ear and his eyes widened as he turned to her “You could drop us off at Dustin’s. Steve is over there today and we—” He looked at Nancy again before turning back to his mom. “We’re going to see if he wanted to go to the movies with us. Get out a bit.”

Seeing the hopeful looks on the boys’ faces and the almost too casual way Nancy held Jonathan’s hand, Joyce relented “I can give you some money to go out. Just be home before curfew.” She dug in her purse taking out a stack of bills and bypassing her reluctant son to hand it to Nancy. “I already cleared it with the Wheeler’s for Mike and Nancy to spend the night, why don’t you see if Steve wants to stay over? You guys can go down and rent a movie.”

She’d noticed the way Steve had been joining Jonathan and Nancy lately, at the house, taking them to school, sliding in casually beside them. It taken a few months but Jonathan had stopped looking guilty and Nancy had started looking happier.

Joyce didn't really want to know any more than that. Her son was happy and relaxed for the first time since all this had started. She turned her gaze away from her son as he flushed. Nancy looked ready to burst into laughter.

"So, the arcade?" Joyce turned back to Will and Mike, who looked they were seconds away from bouncing off the walls.

Maybe while the kids played she'd take the car by the shop. See if they could fix it up, because even if she bought another car she could always give it to Jonathan. Jim had already said he'd pick up some supplies for the house when he was getting his own.

She could even take the kids by the toy store after the arcade. Let them all pick out something. She'd smooth anything over with their parents. It'd make Will smile and that's all Joyce really wanted out of this money.

Author's Note:

Thank you to snikfic for the last minute beta, you are amazing <3